

Golf Hazards

by Just a Thought

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Summary: Bad puns aside, Vegeta decides to try a game of golf, and ends up dragging Goku along later on, all spiraling down to a discussion on anime and cartoons.

1. Golf and Vegeta Just Don't Mix

>Warnings: Well aside from a tacky dressed Vegeta there's not a whole lot to be warned of. Um that and one minor swear.

>Disclaimer: I don't own DBZ/GT, the characters, nor the DBZ world. I don't make ANY money what-so-ever off these fics either.

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>
Okay, I have nothin against golf...I really like it. But the idea of Vegeta dressed like a golfer was too hilarious. I'm sorry! I couldn't help myself!

>
----->

>
Vegeta was bored, that's the only explanation he could come up with. Nobody to spar, gravity machine down. What was he supposed to do, go for a walk? So anyways, there poor lonely Vegeta was sitting at home flipping channels randomly. There was never anything on. Cartoons, talk shows? He stopped on one of those.

>
"My dog ran off with my wife and the toaster oven tried to put the moves on me." Vegeta mumbled. "Nope, already seen it." he muttered changing the channel quickly. As luck would have it it was a golf game. Vegeta actually didn't flip the channel immediatly.

>
The golfer hit the ball with amazing accuracy. Vegeta just snorted, "Doesn't look so hard." he thought about it. It kinda looked fun...

>
"Ah, hell with it." Vegeta chuckled. "I'll show Bulma I do more than eat, sleep, and train."

>
-Later-

>
Vegeta stormed into the building standing infront of the top class golf course. The manager glanced up at Vegeta. After that all he could do was stare in shock. Vegeta was wearing a tacky, checkered

yellowish brown vest. His pants were a faded neon green. And a small pink hat sat, schickkabobbed on his spikey hair.

>
 "Sir we only allow people of..." he was cut off by Vegeta grabbing his neck. "Your fine style on the course."

>
 "I want to play, uh..." Vegeta stuttered, he realized he didn't know the name of the game. ~Damnit.~ He thought. ~It was just on the outside of this building.~ "Just let me play!" Vegeta roared.

>
 "But sir..." the poor manager tried to explain, "You have no clubs."

>
 "I don't care!" Vegeta yelled sending the man into a state of terror. "Just get me started."

>
 The poor man handed him a score card and one of those cheap pencils, "I don't suppose you'll be playing by yourself?"

>
 "No! The King of the Saiyans doesn't have to play with any low life forms such as humans." Vegeta replied cockily.

>
 "Fine." the manager whimpered taking shelter under the counter.

>
 Vegeta stomped out onto the course, that's when it occurred to him he was the only one without one of those handy bags. So Vegeta walked up to the nearest man. "I'll need those." he said grabbing the bag.

>
 The man started to protest, but by the time he was halfway through his sentence he was halfway to China courtesy of a chi attack.

>
 Now that he had golf clubs, and his score card, (not to mention the cheap pencil) he wondered where to go. Not knowing he started to examine the bag. Inside one of the small pockets he found several of the white balls that people were hitting. Taking them all out he sat them on the ground. "Haha!" he laughed, those novices are so inexperienced they can only hit one!" He smugly said. He watched one of the nearby golfers on one of the holes (he was still in front of the golf house.) "I'll need a stick though." Vegeta mumbled turning back to the bag.

>
 At the top of the bag. Where several iron lumps. "I wonder if these will work." Vegeta muttered. He pulled on one and found that it had a long base. "Why do I get the deformed sticks?" Vegeta growled.

>
 Vegeta turned back to watch the golfer. He swung the club and hit the little white ball considerably far. "Fore!" (I believe I spelled that right.) he yelled.

>
 "Hahahaha!" Vegeta chuckled arrogantly, "Is that the highest number you know how to count to?" he yelled. "Watch this!" He took all his golf balls and grouped them together, with a mighty swing he hit a good many of them, "Infinity!" he yelled. Unfortunately, along with the balls, he also let the golf club fly.

>
 From in the distance a very distinct "Ouch!" was heard.

>
 "Dang." Vegeta muttered pulling another club out of his bag (coincidentally he got the putter out. By the way, he still hasn't even gotten to the first hole.) A balding, passing stranger shot Vegeta a questioning look, and soon the stranger had even less hair thanks to a helpful chi blast.

>
 Vegeta, deciding that he would go play golf on the grass, went over to the fifth hole, which was near the club house. A few people were already playing there. Vegeta not giving a second thought played through.

>
 "Hey!" one angry man protested. "You can't just play where ever you like!"

>
 Vegeta, so calm it was almost scary walked over to the man. "What's your name?" he asked slinging his arm around the poor man's shoulder.

>
 "Um...Bob." the man replied.
>
 "Well Bob..." Vegeta said then suddenly jerked him up by the collar, "What do you say we play a round of...um...this game?"

>
 "Somebody call the authorities!" Bob screamed struggling to keep from being strangled.
>
 "Well?" Vegeta asked almost nicely.
>
 "Okay!" Bob shrieked.
>
 "Man, even Bulma can't scream like that." Vegeta mumbled.

>
-Later-
>
 "It's going to rain." Bob said staring at the sky.
>
 "That's nice, how am I doing?" Vegeta asked sarcastically.

>
 "Um...your currently -12." Bob said wisely, Vegeta was actually +56. (- are good + are bad. (I think... ^.^)
>
 "I am good!" Vegeta exulted chopping away at the ball. But to no avail, he simply managed to hit the grass and uproot it.
>
 "Um...you know, you really ought to replace your divots." Bob said.
>
 "Why bother?" Vegeta huffed. Indeed, the ground around him was already reduced to simply dirt.
>
 "Because it's proper ettiquette." Bob managed weakly.
>
 Vegeta was about to say something, but he hit the ball. It started to go very far. "Alright!" Vegeta cheered "Infinity! I'm gonna make a hole-in...How many am I up to?!" he asked watching the ball.
>
 Plop. It sank to the bottom of the water hazard.
>
 Bob just groaned. "Why'd ya say infinity?"
>
 "Arn't you supposed to yell the highest number you can think of?" Vegeta asked.
>
 "No, it's just a warning to other golfers." Bob replied.

>
 "Well, in that case why don't you just yell watch out?" Vegeta asked.
>
 Bob simply groaned again.
>
 Vegeta actually went down into the water to get the ball.

>
 "I hope your not actually thinking of hitting the ball from where it's lying!" Bob yelled.
>
 Before Bob could say much else he was showered with an enourmous amount of water. He looked around to see Vegeta holding back the water somehow, preparing to hit the ball.
>
 "Um...kay." Bob said resisting the urge to faint.
>
 Amazingly Vegeta actually hit the ball out of the water.

>
 "INCOMING!" he yelled. Then the water returned to it's normal place, though it was a good ways lower. Bob peered expectantly over the edge waiting for Vegeta to come back up. Only, his face was met with a golf ball.
>
 "Ouch!" he cried rubbing his nose, "That hurt."
>
 He then narrowly dodged a ton of other small white golf balls.

>
 Vegeta came back up to the surface spluttering, "There's a ton of them down there."
>
 Bob just gave him a blank stare, "Well, that's really nice, but you ought to at least make it to the green before it starts to rain."

>
 Vegeta reluctantly got out of the water. He carefully placed his ball down on the grass then...wham...he missed the ball

completely. Grumbling to himself he tried again, wham...again a miss. So Bob sat there till on Vegeta's 68th try, he finally hit the ball. An even bigger shock was that it landed pretty close to the hole. As Bob and Vegeta neared the hole, and as Vegeta nearly made the final putt, a sudden rain storm broke down. I don't mean a light shower, I mean all hell broke loose, and on top of that, the storm was accomanied by lightning and thunder.

>
 "NO!" Vegeta cried. He was just mere centimeters from the hole.

>
-Back at the Club House-

>
 The thunder cracked down outside, and the rain poured down, hacking at the windows. Vegeta, with a newly fried hair do sat sipping coffee (HE may be short, but his hair sure is tall enough. Hint Hint)

>
 "So how good was I?" Vegeta asked smirking.

>
 "Uh, well, you got a 147." Bob trembled, cringing at what he knew was coming.

>
 "And..."

>
 "You only got through one hole..."

>

> END

>
Snicker snicker Poor Vegeta, but hey, at least poor Trunks wasn't the victim in this one. All comments and constructive critisim is welcome below. I was thinking about writing a sequel to this one, but I just don't know if I'd have time to.

> <p><p>

2. Golf can be Hazardous to your Health

>Warnings: Not really much, a bit of swearing, and OOC, oh yeah, self insertion, though not for long.

>Disclaimer: I don't own DBZ/GT the world, or the characters. No, I have never made money off of these fics, and I never will.

>

>
As always ~xxxxx~ means that a person is thinking and JAT would be my abbriviation for my own name. I had more of this written, but I forgot to save. *groan* So more will be up next time, and here I thought that last golf fic would be a one shot thing.

>

>

> Vegeta had just lost his previous fight with Goku and was feeling rather put out. ~He always beats me no matter what.~ Vegeta grunbled mentally. Sulking, he crossed his arms and began to levitate like Piccolo. ~Why can't I beat him?~ Vegeta berated himself. ~Oh, it's just not fair!~ Vegeta unconsciously stuck out his lower lip, as his eyes slid shut. He was just entering a state of calm (well, at least fo him) when Goku snuck up behind him.

> Placing his hands over Vegeta's eyes he called out in a sing-song voice. "Guess who!"

> "Kakarot, get your dirty, third class fingers off my eyes." Vegeta growled.

> Goku pouted, "How'd ya know who I was?"

> Vegeta gave Goku a menecing glare, he was just about to chew Goku's head off, when an idea popped into his head. "Goku, how about we go play a round of...um..." Damn, he still couldn't remember. "You know, the game, with the stick, and you hit a little white ball?"

> "Uh, is that the game Yamcha played? Base...Baseball I think he called it?" Goku tried to think back.

> "No!" Vegeta said rather impatiently, "It's uh..."

> "Golf." a heavenly voice boomed.

> "Who said that?" both Saiyans asked in unison.

> "It's me guys, Dende."

> "Oh, okay." Goku said. "For a moment there I thought those forty-five hamburgers were catching up to me." Goku said a sweat drop forming on his forehead.

> Vegeta simply fell over, classic anime style. "Um...Kakarot." he said standing up. "Let's just go play...uh..." Vegeta scratched his head trying to remember.

> "Golf." Dende said from above.

> "What's golf?" Goku asked oblivious to the glare Vegeta gave him.

> "I thought I already told you..." Vegeta was cut off.

> "If golf a food?" Goku asked licking his lips.

> "No!" Vegeta yelled.

> Apparently it all went in one ear and out the other because Goku continued his little fantasy. "C'mon Veggie, let's go get something to eat, I'd like to try golf."

> Forgetting the unintentional insult Vegeta practically screamed, "It's a game you stupid idiot! A game! Not food!"

>
-Later-
>

> "Did they have good service here last time you came?" Goku asked.

> "Kakarot." Vegeta started to say, but never finished because as he reached for the door knob, it suddenly swung outwards hitting Vegeta in the face. Vegeta fell back momentarily stunned. Then realizing the situation that had just happened, he got up and ran after the man that had just bruised his ego.

> "Hi!" the man said cheerfully.

> Without a word Vegeta grabbed the poor man's clubs and gave him a swift kick in the rear. It wasn't very hard though, and the man came crashing down in a nearby water hazard.

> "Serves you right." Vegeta grumbled. "Here! Catch!" he yelled at Goku's back tossing a nine iron at his back.

> Unfortunately it hit the back of Goku's head and splintered into very minute fragments. Goku turned around.

> "What'd ya want?" he yelled at Vegeta.

> Vegeta muttered something in his native language before walking back. He sighed, then grabbing Goku by the sleeve and dragged him over to the driving range.

> Vegeta handed Goku a random club and then realized he hadn't gotten any golf balls. "Oh well." he sighed.

> With that he ventured out into the field and began collecting balls in a bucket that had been left. There were several complaints from other Golfers, but Vegeta pretty much ignored them, that is until he was hit by one of the flying white spheres.

> He raised a fist in the air and bellowed, "If you do that one more time you'll be sorry!"

> A small kid just stuck out her tongue. (that'd be me)

> "How dare you!" the king of the Saiyans roared.

> "Cause I'm the author of this sad little fic!" JAT yelled back.

> "Oh, well then that changes everything," he was being sarcastic because the next thing JAT knew she was hit with a chi blast. And since she's dead...

>
THE END

>

>Vegeta: Hold on! Wait a sec! We're not even half way done with this thing!

>JAT: Your done now.

>Vegeta: Why?

>JAT: Because you killed me.

>Vegeta: Then how come I'm talking to you?

>JAT: Um...good point.

>
 NOT THE END
>

> Vegeta glared at the author before returning to the story. "Where was I?" he muttered. Then looking up he paled. "Kakarot! No!"

> Too late, he'd already chomped down on the golf ball. It shattered, just like to golf club. "Well. That didn't work." Goku said dissapointed.

> "No kidding." Vegeta snickered.

> "Then I guess I'll just have to eat one whole!" Goku replied cheering up.

> "Kakarot!" Vegeta yelled again.

> "Mmmmmm. That tastes delicious. You ought to try one Vege..." Goku squinted.

> "Something wrong?" Vegeta asked.

> "Uh...I feel kinda...weird." was all Goku said.

> "I told you golf balls weren't food. But would you listen? Noooooooooo." Vegeta lectured.

> "It's impossible, I've never come down with any sickness!" Goku protested.

> "I don't care what you say, your going to the hospital."

> At this remark Goku grew white. "NO!" he screamed. "NOT THE NEEDLES!"

>
-At the Hospital-
>

> "No! I'm perfectly fine!" Goku insisted as they wheeled him into a room.

> "Whatever you say Mr. Son." the doctor remarked half mindedly.

> As the nurses closed in with the needles Goku began to panick. "NO! No! Uh." he cried as he fell unconcious.

> When Goku woke up he felt kinda groggy. The needles had been removed, but he could still feel the sting. A nurse walked in and greeted him warmly. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

> "I'm tired." Goku said yawning.

> "Well then, what would you like that has caffine in it?" she asked.

> "What do you have?" Goku asked.

> "Soda, Coffee." the nurse gave Goku a strange look, "On second thought I think we're all out of coffee. How would you like a popcicle?" she asked.

> "Uh, I guess." Goku replied, he just wanted to go back to sleep.

> "We have grape, root beer, cherry, orange, and brussel sprout flavored popcicles." she answered.

> "Orange please."

> "Are you sure you don't want brussel sprout?" the nurse paused, "We have a lot in stock."

> "That's alright." Goku yawned again.

> In a few minutes she was back. "There ya go." she said giving him the popcicle.

> "That you very much." Goku said downing the food in one bite. All

of a sudden he felt a woozy feeling come over him. Without him knowing it Vegeta entered the room.

> "Hi." he mumbled.

> "I have to go to the bathroom mommy." Goku said out of the blue.

> "What?!" Vegeta was taken aback.

> "I'm not drunk." Goku surprised Vegeta again.

> "Goku. I'm getting Chi Chi." Vegeta was looking nervous.

> "Okay." Goku said closing his eyes and falling asleep.

> "So much for a caffeine rush." Vegeta muttered going to call Chi Chi.

>
 TO BE CONTINUED...
>

>Special thanks to ice queen and all you others that sent in your ideas. I really appreciate feedback. Though this doesn't center as much around golf as the other one, and while the other one (in my humble opinion) was better, (not to mention funnier) this is what I came up with. Anyway, all comments welcomed. Just use that handy dandy box below to tell me what ya think.

3. Golf is not a Sport for Sayians

>Warnings: More random, late-night humor from me. :) Along with a bit of swearing. I suggest you read the first two or you will be clueless as to what is going on, then again, this is pretty random.

>Disclaimer: I don't own DBZ/GT, the characters, or the world, and like I've said for who knows how long, I don't make money off of the fanfics I write...though that would be a pretty cool job.

>

>
Going over my old reviews gave me quite a few chuckles. Thanks to all of you who have commented on this Golf Trilogy thing. Hehehe! My 40th fic!

>

>
 "Do you have any idea why your phone line is busy?" Vegeta yelled at Goku.

>
 "Uh..." Chi Chi might be on-line Goku said with a sweat drop on his forehead.

>
 "Doing what?" Vegeta yelled at the top of his lungs, "Buying books on how to control your anger?" he flared up into Super Sayian.

>
 "Vegeta, could you move?" Goku asked.

>
 Vegeta looked at Goku incredulously. "What?"

>
 "Could you move?" he asked.

>
 Vegeta moved so that he was standing beside the television. His mood lightened a bit, "Hey, I didn't know they televised the circus!"

>
 Vegeta took a closer look. "Hmm, let's see, Fire eaters, sword eaters..." he was beginning to see a pattern. With a quick punch the TV was no more. "Kakarot!" he turned back to Goku and cried out exasperated.

>
 "Whaaaat?" Goku asked innocently holding up his palms.

>
 Vegeta threw his face into his hands. "What's the use?" he asked to himself.

>
 "I dunno." Goku replied.

>
 Without another word Vegeta stormed off through the door. Muttering under his breath.

>
 "Wonder what's got him so ticked." Goku wondered, "Hey Vegeta, whatcha saying?"

>
 "Things, no four year old should ever hear." Vegeta yelled.

>

>
 A few hours later Vegeta stomped into the room with all seven dragon balls. Unfortunately for him, Goku was back to being a boisterous Sayian again.

>
 As Vegeta walked in accidentally dropped one of the balls. "Damn." He muttered picking it up while setting the others down. He noticed the dragon ball was chipped.

>
 "Ooooooh. Your in trooooooble." Goku said in a sing-song voice.

>
 "What!?" Vegeta cried sharply, "It's only a scrape!"

>
 "Yeah." Goku rolled his eyes, "Tell that to Kami."

>
 "Kakarot." Vegeta growled, but he was beginning to sweat.

>
 "Because of you the dragon balls aren't going to work anymore!" Goku said.

>
 Vegeta's eyes widened slightly and he paled a bit. "W...What?"

>
 Goku started dancing around Vegeta in a circle, he sure wasn't tired anymore! "Veggie's in trouble! Veggie's in trouble!" he chanted.

>
 Vegeta set all the dragon balls on the floor of the hospital room. "Arise Dragon!" he said somewhat timidly.

>
 Goku jumped in front of him. "No, no, no! You must do it with FEELING!" he said and giggled. Then he held his arms up in the air. "AAAARISE DRAAAGON!"

>
 "Hey, you said the dragon balls wouldn't work anymore!" Vegeta growled.

>
 Goku just gave Vegeta a sheepish look.

>
 "Ugh." Vegeta groaned. By the time their little conversation had ended the dragon had appeared, and, might I add, took of some of the building making his entrance.

>
 Goku gasped. "Mr. Dragon-guy-Shenlong, you destroyed the hospital.

>
 The dragon sweat dropped. "Hurry up and make your wish, and I'm only granting you one because you interrupted me in the middle of my favorite sitcom."

>
 Goku started jumping on the dragons tail. "Wheee!" he cried out as he went up and down.

>
 "Is he always like this?" The dragon asked.

>
 Vegeta nodded.

>
 "Then hurry up and make your wish before he becomes annoying!" the dragon cried.

>
 "Before?" Vegeta smirked casting an eye over at Goku. "Well, anyway, I wish that you would give Kakarot." Vegeta paused and cleared his throat, "A.K.A. G...Go...Go...G...Gok...u...Go-ku, an IQ over 3." Vegeta said. Then relized his folly. "I mean! Give him an IQ high enough to have the sense to act like a normal person." Vegeta corrected himself.

>
 "I...cannot grant that wish." The dragon replied.

>
 "What!!!?" Vegeta's mouth could've touched the ground at that moment.

>
 "It's impossible. It's...beyond my power." The dragon said, then he simply disappeared.

>
 "Coward!" Vegeta yelled waving his fist in the air. "I'll get you for this!"

>
 "Hey Vegeta!"

>
 Vegeta jumped as he suddenly became aware that Goku was beside him. "What ever they put in hospital food should be banned." Vegeta muttered.

>
 "Oh..." Goku paused, "I'll be calm then."

>
 Vegeta actually screamed. Then, after that outburst was over, he started laughing. After a few moments he was rolling on the floor. "Hahaha! What a joke!"

>
 Goku snorted. "Well, I was going to challenge you to another game of golf..."

>
 Vegeta stood up. "Sounds like a great idea."

>

>
 "I don't call this golf." Vegeta pouted.

>
 "Ah, don't get your panties in a twist, (I couldn't help myself, someone I know says this constantly, and ya gotta admit, it sounds funny 'commin out of Goku's mouth.) Vegeta, ya gotta admit, Miniature Golf is rather fun."

>
 Vegeta gave Goku a funny look. "Yeah, it'd be fun if the tacky yard gnomes didn't stare at you like that!" Vegeta said edging away from what looked like a VERY sun burnt gnome.

>
 "All you have to do is get used to the freakish grass..."

>
 "This isn't 'grass,' it's...it's AstroSmurf."

>
 "AstroSmurf?" Goku asked. "But wouldn't that be BLUE?"

>
 "Oh well, who cares." Vegeta said placing his ball on the fake grass. With a mighty swing he watched as his neon pink ball went sailing over the horizon and onto the true golf course. "Oh, well lookie there, now we get to go over THERE!" he said enthusiastically.

>
 "Alright." Goku said.

>

>
 "Shove over buddy!" Vegeta yelled kicking the poor golfer out of the golf cart. "Whoohoo!" he yelled climbing into the driver's seat.

>
 "Hey! I want to drive!" Goku protested.

>
 "No way!" Vegeta laughed. "Mwahahahaha!"

>
 Goku climbed into the passenger seat just as Vegeta took off. "Are you sure your supposed to drive all over the golf course?" Goku asked as they plowed through a green.

>
 "Oh yes." Vegeta replied hunched over the wheel. "Hahahaha! Pedestrians beware!"

>
 "Uh...Vegeta." Goku said.

>
 "What do you want now Kakarot?" Vegeta asked.

>
 "Well...I uh...kinda saw a sign."

>
 "So?"

>
 "Well, it had a picture of a lake on it..."

>
 "Ahhh!" both Sayians cried as the golf cart flew over the edge of the lake.

>
 ~SPLASH~

>
 "I hope your happy." Goku said as the cart began to sink Sayians and all.

>

>
 "Once again, I can't apologize enough for my husbands behavior." Bulma said. She looked over her shoulder. "And they will be VERY sorry when Chi Chi comes around."

>
 Both Sayians looked at each other and groaned.

>

> THE END

> <meta name="ProgId"> Warnings:

Warnings: None what-so-ever 'cept for out of characterness and just plain weirdness.

Disclaimer: I do not own DB/DBZ/DBGT, I don't own the characters, any concepts of the Dragon Ball/Z/GT (i.e. senzu beans), and I don't own the Dragon Ball/Z/GT universe. I also make no money off this fic.

Please forgive me if I don't post as much or as frequently, I've got a case of writer's block as far as DBZ shorts go, that and the fact that (shameless plug warning) I have this really long fic that I'm working on! I know where it's going and all, but I'm going to need some time to write it.

"Hey Vegeta!" Goku yelled running into the room the royal Sayian was sitting in. "Wanna go play a hearty round of golf?"

Vegeta growled. "Don't you remember? We're banned from that sport."

Goku's shoulders slumped. "Aw manâ€¦"

Vegeta snorted, "Hmph. Well anyway, for all I care you can eat those clubs. They've caused more troubleâ€¦" he stopped abruptly when he realized Goku wasn't in the room anymore.

Vegeta raced after Goku's chi and followed him to another room. To his dismay Goku already had a driver down his throat sword eater style.

"Kakarot!" Vegeta cried. He flew up and hovered over Goku's face for a brief moment. Then the Sayian prince planted one foot on Goku's forehead and began to pull on the part of the club that wasn't in Goku's mouth.

Goku on the other hand didn't want to give up his snack, so he clamped his teeth down on the part he had in his mouth.

"Kakarot! You baka!" Vegeta yelled pulling on the golf club with all his might. When he found that he couldn't budge the club, Vegeta flared up into his Super Sayian form.

From the doorway Goten and Trunks looked on with rapt attention.

"How cute." Goten said with the whole eyes scrunched up bit. "They're playing tug-o-war!"

Trunks sweat dropped, "That's got to be the strangest game of tug-o-war I've _ever_ seen."

Vegeta, still unable to remove the object from Goku's mouth went Super Sayian two. This time when he tugged, the club came out, teeth

and all.

"Ewwwww." Vegeta cried, as an afterthought he added, "Kakarot! You wear dentures?" He shook his index finger at Goku, "I always knew all those sweets would catch up to you!"

Goku blinked and looked down at the golf club. Gently he reached down and took tried to pry them off.

Unfortunately, they wouldn't budge. "Actually, no." Goku said straining to get the teeth off.

Finally, he just snapped the club in half and slid the teeth off. At this act Vegeta went Super Sayian three.

"You'll pay for that!"

"Really?" Goku asked putting the teeth back in his mouth. "How much did it cost?"

"I meant I was going to beat you up!" Vegeta yelled. Then he stopped and went back to normal. "Hey, how did you put your teeth in if they're not dentures?"

"Simple." Goku replied, "We're cartoon characters, right?"

Vegeta grew very serious. "We are ****anime**** characters Kakarot, and don't you forget that! I suppose ditching the Sayian race wasn't enough, was it? Now you're going to become a cartoon character instead! Well let me tell you something, you'll never fit in with the likes of cartoons, so just forget that idea!"

"No, no." Goku replied sweat dropping, "You got it all wrong."

Vegeta was no talking like one of those ladies in the classic films that are in black and white. "No, you're the one that's got it wrong. Your one of _us_." He switched back to normal. "If we were cartoon characters" he trailed off and turned around.

"Huh?" Goku asked rather puzzled.

Vegeta turned back around and Goku screamed.

"If we were cartoon characters we wouldn't have such big loveable eyes." he pointed to his now smaller eyes. Vegeta pointed to his rather crudely drawn hair, "Just think of Bulma's hair as any other color but blue, or what about _Trunks_?" he asked.

From the door Goten elbowed Trunks. The purple haired boy glared at his friend.

"Our unique hairstyles wouldn't exist!" Vegeta pointed to his out of proportioned face, "On top of everything, all shading and real qualities would be lost!"

Goku screamed again before Vegeta let his features go back to normal.

Goku slowly stopped hyperventilating. "Still, not as bad as what the

American censors have done."

Vegeta sighed. "If they could have their way I'd be a cute, adorable Sayian out to spread good."

Both full blooded Sayians shivered at the thought. The two half Sayians giggled.

Vegeta stood up straight and tall (which wasn't very tall at all really), "We have to stop the oppression!" he said, "We must fight for our families, for what we believe in, for the right to bleed!"

Goku looked at Vegeta in confusion, "But we do bleed. In the Frieza saga, remember?"

"Wellâ€|" Vegeta began again, "Then we must fightâ€|erâ€|for our voicesâ€|yeah, that's it!"

"I dunno, I'm pretty happy with mine." Goku replied.

"Yeah, because you're a cartoon character!" Vegeta yelled powering up.

"Hey! I am NOT a cartoon character!" Goku protested but powered up.

The two half Sayians ran for cover.

"Vegeta!" Bulma shrieked seeing half of Capsule Corp. ruined. "What happened?"

END

Actually, I'm glad Funi is dubbing DBZ even if they coulda done it a bit better. Still, I'm sure all us fans were pleasantly surprised with blood in the third season. :)

End
file.